

LAND OF THE MALAY.

AN INTERESTING BUT LITTLE KNOWN REGION.

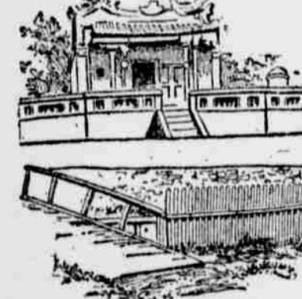
Singapore and Its Surroundings—Peculiarities of the Natives and Others—Man-Eating Tigers Found in Abundance.



O the ordinary traveler the Malay archipelago is perhaps the least known part of the globe. Few tourists go to explore it, though it extends for more than 4000 miles from east to west, and is about 1400 in breadth from north to south. It is situated between Asia and Australia, and consists of a number of large and small islands located almost on the equator. Three of these islands are larger than Great Britain, and one of them—Borneo—is larger than the whole of the British Isles put together. This region enjoys a climate more uniform and hotter than any other part of the globe, and all kinds of tropical fruits and flowers are found in it. It also teems with animal life, including the man-eating tiger, elephant, orang-outang, etc. It is inhabited by an interesting race of mankind, the Malay. This peculiar and at one time warlike race is found nowhere else except in these regions. Hence the name Malay Archipelago.

Few places are of greater interest to the traveler than Singapore, the capital of the Straits Settlements and the chief port of disembarkation for all parts of the Malay peninsula and islands of the Archipelago. Here is found a variety of Eastern races and as many different modes of life as in any town of its size in the world. Malays, Javanese, Tamils—a race of natives from the south of India—Arabs, Parsees, Portuguese, Burghers, Hindoos, Chinese, natives of Celebes, Dorneo, Bali, as well as other races are to be seen daily in the streets.

The Government is English, as well as the merchant community, but the greater portion of the population consists of Malays, Tamils and Chinese. Chinese are to be seen everywhere, from the rich merchant down to the poorer laborers, miners and agriculturists. The wealthy Chinese merchant is to be seen every evening driving along the bund in his carriage, looking sleek, fat and dirty. He lolls back in the cushions, enjoying the sea breeze, with his long tail tipped with red silk and reaching nearly down to his heels. His coachman is attired in the most gorgeous livery. Altogether he has a very grand turnout, and loves to show himself off.



A CHINESE TEMPLE AT SINGAPORE.

In the Chinese bazar are hundreds of small shops, in which a miscellaneous store of hardware and dry goods are to be bought wonderfully cheap. The shop keeper is smiling and polite, and will show you his ware, no matter whether you purchase of him or not, and he does not seem to mind if you buy nothing. In the interior the Chinese grow vegetables, gambier and pepper. Their small clearings are to be seen everywhere in the jungle. Their greatest enemy is the tiger, who, when he feels hungry, will make an occasional raid on the heathen Chinese and take him home for his supper. At felling jungle the Chinese are experts. Their neighbors, Malays, look at them working with a satirical smile, and regard them, as do other races, with utter contempt.

The Tamils from Southern India form a numerous body of Mohammedans, and with the Arabs are petty merchants and shopkeepers. In dealing with tourists the Tamil always asks twice as much for an article as he is willing to take, and in



SCENE IN SINGAPORE.

driving you about the town he is certain to ask double the right fare, and if not paid it insults you in his own dialect. He is an objectionable man, and is often very annoying to a stranger. The best remedy in such cases is to give him in charge of a Malay policeman. Planters who are accustomed to this race of natives generally take the law into their own hands and administer to them a sound thrashing when they are insolent. The Javanese are largely employed as servants, laborers and sailors. They are

a harmless and industrious race, and mingle more with the Malays than any other people. In appearance they are not unlike the Malays, but they are of a more yellowish color. They make excellent laborers on the coffee plantations and are now largely imported from Java.

The native Malays are chiefly boatmen and fishermen, and they form the main part of the population. The harbor is an excellent one, and is always crowded with ships of all Nations, from the imposing men-of-war down to the more humble Malay and Chinese junks. Fishing boats and passenger sampans are to be seen dotted all over the water in great numbers.

The town itself comprises several very handsome public buildings and churches, Hindoo temples, Chinese joss houses, Mohammedan mosques and bazars of all nationalities. The botanical gardens occupy a large area of ground near the barracks and are well worth a visit. In them it is to be found every variety of tropical foliage. They are handsomely laid out, and in their vicinity are several picturesque bungalows almost hidden in



COCONUT GROVE AT SINGAPORE.

tropical foliage, the abodes of the merchants. Jirikshas are to be seen everywhere, drawn by Chinamen, but they are not much patronized by the European community, who usually prefer hiring a gharry. The island of Singapore consists of a number of small hills 100 to 300 feet high, the summits of which are still covered with dense jungle. These hills, as well as the valleys below, are the abodes of tigers, and frequently one of these animals invades the very suburbs of Singapore.

In character the Malay and tiger are not unlike. They are both cunning, treacherous and fearless, and, when roused to anger, bloodthirsty and ferocious. They also both hold human life in the most reckless contempt. Anyhow, be that as it may, there is no hunter in the world that can excel the Malay at tracking and snaring tigers. Their favorite way of catching them alive is by digging pits. These are usually placed at the junction of several paths, and they are so well concealed with leaves and sticks that often in wandering through the jungle I have nearly fallen into them. If the pit is sufficiently deep the tiger, when once trapped in this manner, seldom escapes. If he is to be taken alive ropes are passed round his legs and other parts of his body to render him helpless, and then a sort of bamboo cage is put over him. Everything must be made secure and the tiger rendered perfectly helpless before he is lifted out of the pit, and it is an extremely difficult feat to accomplish, but the Malays are adepts at it. They generally starve the tiger for two or three days before commencing operations, thus reducing his strength.

The Malay is not demonstrative, and never openly expresses his feelings. He exhibits a reserve, diffidence and even bashfulness, which is in some degree attractive and leads the observer to think that the ferocious and bloodthirsty character imputed to the race must be exaggerated. He is very slow and deliberate in his speech, and especially backward in introducing the subject he has come to discuss. Though he does seem to hold the European in contempt, as well as other races, yet he is always profusely

In the interior of the peninsula a wild and savage race of people called the Sakis are found. They are believed to have been the original conquerors of the country, and between them and the Malays a deadly rivalry exists. They live entirely by themselves in a nomadic state. They are occasionally met with in some parts of the interior, but it is the wisest plan not to speak to them, as they are very distrustful of strangers. Their favorite weapon is the "blowpipe," a small instrument through which they blow a poisoned arrow with deadly precision a long distance. In fact these arrows are steeped in such poisonous ingredients that the Malays say a tiger will die in three minutes from the effect of it after being struck by one.

There are only a few miles of railroad on the peninsula, but as land is opened up doubtless there will be more. It is as yet a new country, and the chief means of access to the interior is by means of rivers. There are a few good roads, noticeably the road from Singapore to Johore, the seat of the Malay Government and of the Sultan of Johore. It is distant about fourteen miles,



THE YOUNGEST LIEUTENANT.

and the whole distance can be accomplished in a jiriksha in from two to three hours. The scenery is very picturesque. The road runs through jungle, interspersed with roadside villages and police stations. At night the Chinese will not be persuaded for love or money to draw a ricksha along this road on account of the tigers. The Malay Sultan is an exceedingly dignified and courteous old gentleman, and has traveled a good deal in foreign countries. He is always glad to receive well-accomplished foreigners into his domicile.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Youngest Lieutenant.
Frederick William Victor Augustus Ernest, Crown Prince of the German Empire, was born at the Marmor Palace, near Potsdam, May 6, 1882, and is consequently ten years old. He has been, in accordance with an old Hohenzollern custom, entered as lieutenant in the German army list.



KAISER AND CROWN PRINCE.

In order to be able to add the name of "the youngest lieutenant" to the annual "Rank and Quarter List," which is generally published at Easter, this year appeared four weeks later.

Prince Wilhelm is the first young Hohenzollern entering the army as Crown Prince of the German Empire. The little Crown Prince is to be attached to the regiment of the Fusiliers of the Guard, whose colonel is a Bismarck, of the famous family to which Germany owes the ex-Chancellor.—New York World.

Feat of a Modern "Strong Man."
One of the feats of a professional "strong man" in London, named Sullivan, is to lift with a rope held in his teeth a young elephant weighing over 1800 pounds. Another of his performances is to attach a chain to a fifty-six pound weight, and, with the end of the chain in his mouth, whirl rapidly around until the chain assumes an almost horizontal line. This feat makes the spectators on the ground floor shudder, lest a link of the chain should part, or his teeth relax their hold.—Yankee Blade.



Market Report.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

MARY'S HEIGHTS.
The Charge as seen and Experienced by a Comrade of the 82d Pa.



THE CHARGE AS SEEN AND EXPERIENCED BY A COMRADE OF THE 82D PA.

I was with the 82d Pa., and will give my recollections of the engagement from an 82d standpoint. In doing so I have no intention to contradict, reply to, or correct any comrade, being fully persuaded that we could not see everything at the same time. I do not rely on my memory entirely, as I have my diary kept during those times; besides, my wife kept all my letters written during my three years' service, which I prize very highly now.

At daybreak, Sunday May 3, 1863, we entered Fredericksburg, passing along a street running parallel with the river, until we reached the northern end of the town. Glancing up to or at the Heights, we saw there were the forts sure enough, but to all appearances not a rebel in them, there being but one solitary head peering out of one of the portholes. Our boys began to say the forts were deserted. Finally we deployed a line of skirmishers. The ground in front was swampy and marshy, terminating farther down to the left in a pond which was crossed by a plank bridge. As our skirmishers advanced the solitary head disappeared, and in its stead horses were discerned, driving up and wheeling around, and cannon thrust their ugly noses out, and soon shells whistled over us. The boys then said "Ah! they're over there."

Our skirmishers were withdrawn and a battery with us exchanged shots, for a while, then all became quiet again. Our regiment was then moved to the left a square or so, in the shelter of the houses. Presently we received orders to unslung knapsacks, and take the caps off of our pieces. The boys looked at each other with serious faces; there was a deathlike stillness, an ominous silence; everything was as quiet as a Sunday should be. The 61st Pa. was on our right in the next block. They received the order, "Forward, by the right flank, double-quick," which they did, left in front. The 82d closed in behind and followed, and the 43d N. Y. was to follow us. Everything was quiet; not a shot was fired out of the rebel forts until the head of column (61st) was well on the bridge. Then they opened with shell, shot and bullet, causing tremendous slaughter. Our regiment being yet behind, and on higher ground, I saw it all. The head of the column crumbled and melted; the boys fell on the bridge, and off the bridge into the water on both sides. I distinctly saw Col. Spear fall at the head of his regiment. How did I see all of this? The 61st wavered for a moment—a moment only, but in that moment, with the column pressing behind, there came a jam on the bridge.

Oh! carnage and slaughter. A writhing, shrieking mass, shell and shot poured in, mowing down the brave boys. A shell mowed down a rank of four in front of me. Striking a stone foundation it exploded, and a piece flew back and mowed down others. 'Twas one terrible momentary struggle, then the way was opened, the column began to move, bullets striking the water like hail. Over the bridge we rushed and up the hill, scrambling and chasing into the forts. Hard to tell indeed who was the first man, but I can safely say the 61st were the first men, while the 82d was with them shoulder to shoulder.

The rebels went flying in all directions, though some made a brief stand at a house in rear of the fort. My diary says two cannon were captured. I well remember one, on which the First Lieutenant of Company H, 82d Pa. (Owen Tompkins), placed a driver and started it to the rear. I saw a rebel (an officer I judge) mount and ride off with two horses right from out our very midst. When called on to halt he coolly took off his hat, waved it defiantly, and galloped off. Truly it was a daring deed, and all done in a flash. Our commanding officer was shouting, "Rally on the colors," which was quickly done, and when reforming we heard cheering. About an eighth of a mile to our left other regiments were reforming. The 6th Me. and 5th Wis. had a hand to hand encounter, in which bayonets and clubbed muskets were freely used in driving the rebels out from behind the stone wall at the bottom and the artillerymen out of the big fort at the top of the hill. The success of that column and ours compelled the rebels to evacuate the other works along the line.

As we began to advance in line, crack, whiz, bang! a shell came over our heads, right along the line from the right, causing the boys to make their bow.

On our right, one or two fields distant, was a rebel regiment retreating. Their line was exactly on line with ours. With them was a battery, which was loading, wheeling, and firing at us. They gave us several shots, but did no harm, and the nature of the ground soon caused a separation.

We advanced a few miles and found the rebels again at Salem Heights. Our troops were advancing to take position, and a bloody fight was kept up until after dark. Before dark some rebel prisoners passed us. One big red head sang out: "Jackson will tend to you-ens pretty soon." We lay down that night in line of battle, our knapsacks being in Fredericksburg. In the

course of the night, feeling cold, a comrade and myself ventured out in front, hoping we could find a piece of tent or a blanket, but "nary" a blanket could we find.

We came to a little house on the road. All was dark and silent. We entered and, feeling around in the dark, found, oh, joy! a pile of jackets and clothing. Quickly gathering up each an armful, we found our way back to the line, shared with the boys, and everybody was happy, for a while, at least. But, alas! at daylight our joy turned into mourning, for the enemy had stolen a march on us. He was inside, outside, down our neck, up our pants, up our sleeves, everywhere, and all over us. In brief, it was a pile of rebel clothing we had found, and was literally swarming with "graybacks." Well, you may just bet the boys gave us a blessing.

All the next day the boys maneuvered from place to place. Hooker having been whipped at Chancellorsville, the rebels fell back and bestowed their attentions on the Sixth Corps. They flanked us, got in our rear, and had retaken the Heights, Fredericksburg, and—our knapsacks.

Not to make my sketch too long, I will only say, further, that our line of battle eventually became somewhat (it seemed to me) the shape of a balloon, and we got out at the little end of it, crossing the river on a pontoon bridge three or four miles north of Fredericksburg before day in the morning of the 5th.—Atoszo Johnson, in National Tribune.

PENNSYLVANIA PICKINGS.

SOME IMPORTANT HAPPENINGS
Of Interest to Dwellers in the Keystone State.

STATE BASE-BALL LEAGUE.
Pittsburg... 5 0 1900 Lebanon... 2 3 496
Harrisburg... 3 2 999 Danville... 2 3 496
Reading... 3 3 264 Altoona... 1 3 359
Allentown... 3 3 269 Johnstown... 1 3 359

An explosion of mine gas at the Moccasin colliery of the West End Coal company, which is located about 2 1/2 miles below Wilkesbarre, resulted in the death of one man, the fatal injury of another and the serious injury of eight others. The dead man is John Prochore, fire boss; John Walters is fatally injured. The injured are Henry Ritter, Charles Ritter, Wallace Delrick, Peter Zombis, H. M. Everhart, Fred Everhart, William Hopper, Frank Delrick. The cause is unknown.

The thief who robbed old "Jack" Mumford a strong box of over \$5,000 at Lebanon has been arrested. It turned out to be his nephew, Samuel Hummel, with whom he boarded. The money was buried in the cellar of Hummel's house under the coal bin. It was in a tin box containing six old leather purses bursting with coin and bills. The amount of cash was \$2,177 77 and the amount of bonds \$3,500. Hummel was committed to jail for trial.

Andrew Mannon, a section foreman on the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie road, sat down on the Fair Wayne track at a late hour Monday night, while on his way to his home near Beaver Falls. He was struck by a freight and received probably fatal injuries.

Alex White of Uniontown had his neck and hand badly cut with a razor by James Jackson, a colored barber, Monday night.

Calvin Hunter and George Smith were brought to New Castle on the charge of swearing in public. Alderman Bowman fined them at the rate of 50 cents per oath. Hunter paying \$9.50 and Smith \$27.50.

The residence of Dr. M. W. Miller at Ligonier was entered Tuesday night by two thieves, who chloroformed the family and then stole the doctor's clothing, money, watch, jewelry, silverware and other valuables.

Son-day ago W. S. Urston, of Beaver Falls, shot a pet squirrel belonging to George Veau. The latter had Urston arrested for shooting game out of season and for discharging firearms within the borough limits.

Jonathan Scherz, a leading farmer of Millin township, Cumberland county, was found dead in a field near his home. He was engaged in thinning tree tops, and is believed to have been stricken with heart disease.

The public schools of Erie have been closed until the diptheria epidemic there is over.

The jury in the Florence Fuhrer murder case at Somerset, after being out six hours returned a verdict of manslaughter against Fuhrer for the killing of Martin Niland.

In a damage suit at New Castle, arising from the breaking of a bridge in Wayne township, a verdict was obtained of \$1,500 for the plaintiff, Byron Shaffer.

A private meeting of the trustees of Ridgeview Park was brought to a sudden close at Greensburg, by the announcement that Miss Sadie Patch had been poisoned. Dr. Strickler was summoned and antidotes administered. The young lady suffered terrible agony and it was feared for awhile that she would die, but she improved slightly. The poison was discovered in a quantity of cheese, of which the young lady ate. She was taken to her home this evening, very weak. It is not known how the poison, something of the nature of strychnine, got into the cheese. No other person ate of it.

The Somerset grand jury have found true bills against "General Siegel" Miller, his son Bob and William Pritts for the murder of Jonathan Hochstetler, and against Jacob Garry, Abe Fleischer, Wilson Pritts and Jacob Santmyer as accessories.

The retrial of a case which has figured in the courts at Athens, since 1883, and which has attracted wide-spread attention, wherein Christopher Mills claimed \$10,000 damages from George Fallon, of Athens, for physical injuries sustained in an assault by defendant, resulted in a verdict for \$1 for plaintiff. The verdict in a former trial was for one cent.

WILLIE TAMMOR, a lad about 7 years old, while out boat riding with his father and little sister at Beaver Falls, came nearly being drowned through a singular circumstance. The boy was hanging over the back of the boat with his hands in the water when a huge bass sprang out of the water and struck the boy in the breast, which knocked little Willie into the water. He was rescued by his father after considerable trouble.

Why Do We Worry?
Why do we worry about the next?
We only stay for a day,
Or a month, or a year, at the Lord's behest,
In this habitat of clay.
Why do we worry about the road,
With its hill, or deep ravine?
In a dismal path, or a heavy load,
We are helped by hands unseen.
Why do we worry about the years
That our feet have not yet trod?
Who labors with courage and trust, nor fears,
Has fellowship with God.
The best will come in the great "to be,"
It is ours to serve and wait,
And the wonderful future we soon shall see,
For death is but the gate.
—[Sarah K. Bolton, in Far and Near.]

HUMOROUS.

A "chestnut" is the story that another fellow tells.

The forger is not wholly bad. He is ever ready to write a wrong.

Generally speaking, when you think you are in trouble the trouble is in you.

The match-making mamma is the true help-mate of the man with the redundancy of daughters.

"Last but not least," said the landlord dolefully, as he gazed on an empty house he had on hand.

"Does Fangle command the respect of the community?" "Yes," replied Cumso; "but it doesn't obey."

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
If only public men find us
Wasting breath and loads of time.

"Ah, I am gaining ground rapidly," as the man said when the dust storm covered him with layer after layer.

It is curious how a woman who screams at a mouse is not startled by a military bill that makes a man tremble.

The giraffe is a timid animal. His neck is so long that when his heart comes into his mouth it takes him half a day to get it back where it belongs.

Caller—Your next-door neighbors appear to be very quiet people. Mrs. Spinks—Yes, the walls are very thin and I s'pose the mean things keep quiet to hear what we say.

The Perishable Pearl.

Pearls are very perishable, says a woman. They cannot be considered a first-rate investment like diamonds. After a time they decay. Sometimes a fine specimen will lose its lustre and beauty within a few months, so that the possessor of such treasures does well to keep them put away in a sealed place. They are very delicately made, consisting of thin films overlaid one upon another, with more or less animal matter between the layers, and it is no wonder that they deteriorate. After being buried in the ground for a while they are found worthless.

Those which are dug out of Indian graves—some of them of great size and doubtless of wonderful beauty when they are new—are utterly valueless, even when they are not pierced. Nevertheless, there is a pure and evanescent beauty about them which seems better to become the maiden than any other sort of jewel. Nothing varies so much in value as pearls. With them fashion affects the market constantly. Sometimes white ones are sought, while other tints at intervals are in demand. For some years past black pearls have been the rage. A fine specimen worth £120 will fetch £200 perhaps, if another can be got to match it perfectly.

A Solid Silver Railroad Pass.

The Silverton Railroad and the Rio Grande Southern companies, of which Otto Mears is president, have a combined mileage of 223 miles. Mr. Mears issues the most beautiful annual passes used on any road in the world. This year the pass is a highly polished solid silver plate, made of Colorado silver by native workmen. The border is in artistic Mexican filigree silver-work. The name of the recipient is engraved on the central plate. There are no sordid, cautionary "conditions" on the reverse side of this dainty pass, warning the holder that in accepting this he "releases the company from all liability for personal injury." This invitation is as generous and free as the winds of the Colorado mountains through which the road runs.—[St. Louis Republic.]

Over Exertion.

Small Boy (who has been playing ball for six hours)—My leg aches.
Anxious Mother—What have you been doing?
Small Boy—I dunno. I did an example on the blackboard yesterday.—[Good News.]